

NO EXAMS THIS YEAR!

US Solves Problem of Examination

Schedules; Saves Many Frosh

Absolutely Free!
(Slight charge of \$2 for filing, printing, and mailing).

It is generally conceded that exams at Wellesley become increasingly difficult as time goes by. Sometimes the reasons for this are entirely beyond the control of the college authorities, but you can't count on that. In the sunny days of long ago, when May Day was really on the first of May, and sophomores had to get up early only once during the year, and Tree Day really was, and was of double importance because the campus really needed new trees, there were exams just as there are exams now, in case you haven't observed the phenomenon all about you, but they were different. They were given only twice a day during the slushy parts of January and February because it had been observed that there was nothing else to do then, anyway.

Now, however, they run on

speeded up production and coincide with the Boston appearance of Frankie Sinatra. They have indeed become harder to take. Over the years, students have combatted the problem of having to take exams in many ways and with such ingenuity as might better have been put to the exams themselves. One method is to go to bed early every night on the theory that it is too late for you to learn anything anyway. We do not advise this. Another method is the placing of little signs on the door with such inscriptions as "Antisocial" "Please" or a simple "Go Away." In recent years, students have taken to placing signs inside their rooms, since it has been proved that no one ever reads the other kind anyway except for the students who put them there. This sign takes the form of a schedule like the sample below which we have carefully worked out as a means by which students may combat exams for this year.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
7:44—Get up.	7:44—Get up.	7:15—Breakfast.
7:45—Go breakfast.	7:45- 8:00—Breakfast.	7:45- 8:00—Read "Terry."
8:00- 8:30—Read "Terry and the Pirates."	8:00- 8:30—Read "Terry and the Pirates."	8:15—Poly Sci. Exam.
8:30- 8:45—Arrange all notes in chronological order.	8:30- 9:00—Arrange notes for final paper.	10:45-11:15—Read mail.
8:45- 9:15—Wait for mail.	9:00- 9:15—Wait for mail.	11:15-11:45—Lunch.
9:15- 9:45—Read mail.	9:15- 9:30—Read mail.	12:00- 2:30—Exam, Hemingway.
9:45-10:00—Send bills that came in mail home.	9:30-10:00—Read notes for final paper.	2:30- 2:45—Go home for mail.
10:00-11:15—Read class notes.	10:00-11:15—Get train ticket.	3:15- 3:16—Send postcard to mother.
11:15-11:45—Lunch.	11:15-11:45—Lunch.	3:30- 6:00—Exam, Billings.
11:45-12:00—Play bridge.	12:00- 2:00—Read about that guy's life for Lit.	6:15—Dinner.
12:00- 1:00—Read Lab notes if any.	2:00- 2:45—Learn dates.	6:45- 7:00—Play bridge.
1:00- 2:30—Reread Lit stuff.	2:45- 3:30—Tea.	9:00-10:00—See 2nd half "For Whom Bell Tolls."
2:30- 2:45—Wait for mail.	6:15- 7:00—Dinner.	???—Bed.
2:45- 3:30—Tea.	6:45- 7:00—Play bridge.	4:00—Get up.
3:30- 6:00—Get notes for classes cut.	7:00- 8:00—Learn dates.	4:00- 7:15—Type paper.
6:15—Dinner.	8:00- 9:00—See 1st half of "For Whom Bell Tolls."	
6:45- 7:00—Play bridge.	9:00- 3:00—Write final paper.	Thursday
7:00- 8:00—Read stuff for final paper.	5:00—Get up.	7:15—Breakfast.
8:00- 9:00—Well.	5:00- 7:15—Read back numbers of "N. Y. Times."	7:30-11:00—Pack.
9:00—Bed.		11:15-11:45—Lunch.

'TO ROBE OR NOT TO ROBE ...'

Faculty Considers Disrobing for Classes

The damndest mess is going on in Founder's Hall.

It looks as if the academic had overcome the anemic, although Miss Coolhead said she only socked Miss Mansnaring twice, and that in the back, below the waist. She added, as she gently cuffed Mr. Mercy-Killer in the face when he passed her in the hall (with a wink) that anyway, women didn't have to fight clean. Then she turned, pushed poor old Eldon Stinkler down the stairs and flew off in her big black gown to teach.



New Faculty Gown

That's the whole problem—the gowns. Some do and some don't—wear them, we mean. Miss Gruffs of the iLt dept. says it's to save clothes and therefore a Good Thing. Miss Curtain in the Ec dept. says so too. But Mr. Mercy-Killer says it stinks. (The idea, not his gown).

"Outstanding" and "Interesting" were the epithets applied to the idea by members of the Comp. dept. They were wide-eyed with amazement at the suggestion.

Reasons for wearing gowns as stated by the gown committee, which originated in Bryn Mawr, and therefore has absolutely no bearing whatsoever on Wellesley are as follows:

1. It saves clothes. (Saves them for another ten year's use).
2. It saves having to get dressed in the morning.
3. It saves having to lecture because students are so fascinated by gowns being caught on edges of

things and hampering faculty movements. (Very useful for younger members).

4. It saves breathing because it is impossible to when the gown get wound around the face, which it is apt to do in draughty classrooms.

It saves lipstick. (What lipstick?).

Many faculty members are opposed to the idea because, they say, then everyone could wear blue-jeans and not be discovered, and Blue-Jeans are a Bad Thing. Especially on women.

So anyway, there's a fight going on and people are being hurt like anything. Besides, the men can't fight back because it is impolite, and anyway, once collared in a gown they lose the use of their limbs.

Oh, it's real keen!

Due to the lack of sufficient material for the production of nylon stockings, there will have to be a rationing program organized to meet the emergency.

But don't you fret.

Teachers Get Heads Out Of Gowns Long Enough To Express Opinions

Of many and varied types were the comments made on the gown situation by members of the Wellesley Faculty to US members. Because we think these opinions are significant, if boring, we have to print them because they said so.

Captain Maccabee — "I will not ..."

Mr. Coq'dor — "I hardly ..."

Mrs. Cluckhen — "Tremenjus ..."

Mr. Fowl — "Enough of this foolishness, off with your robes."

Miss Sin-pays — "Yeah, man!"

Miss Coolhead — "Silence."

Mrs. Half a Pepper — "Girls and boys, please!"

Dr. DeKnife — "Draughty ..."

Important Notice

There will be a meeting of the committee to decorate the statue in front of the library in Ruth Lester's room Friday at 12 midnite.

People Think Paper Peachy

In response to world-wide pressure from our universal public, the editors of News have sent copies of their paper out. Following are a list of excerpts from comments made by various members of:

"This ... " (New York Times)

"Six pages packed full of ... " (P. M.)

"Good ads ... " (Wendell Willkie)

"Snazzy ... " (Miss Agnes Perkins)

"Rustic ... " (The New Yorker)

"My memories of the News go back fifty years and ... " (Miss Manwaring.)

ACHTUNG!

This Space is reserved for Adolph, for his sequel to "Mein Kampf." "OH MY!"

Bushy Layman to Be May-Day Bookie

Wellesley College News

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MOTTO—for to-day

"Tempus fugit. Collega Welleslania
numquam mutet." I.

The time is now. Never in the history of collegedom have the rights and privileges of students been so menaced. If we act before Tuesday, we may save ourselves; after Tuesday we will be home for Christmas.

Cognizant of the seriousness of the situation, we would put before you a few leading questions (you may consider them as part of that long promissory note). Do you like to sit for hours on bells, to race from the third to the second to the fifth floors to get people for phone calls—and then find yourself stymied by that silly convention that says you can't listen to their conversations? Or, for that matter, do you like to sit on bells for a whole evening and not get a single call? Do you like to "wait on"—and know the bad news about liver for dinner before anyone else? Do you like to stand behind your table in the dining room and try to decide what to do with all the blueberry cake with lemon sauce that seven out of eight people don't want for dessert? Is there time enough—say two hours a day—in your crowded schedule to study for exams?

If your answer to all these questions—if you can answer all these questions—is no, your course is clear. Students, we must unite! Only thus can we insure achieving our birthright—self-expression and the easy life.

This copy of the Wellesley Collitch News is dedicated to Miss Coolidge.



90th day on pro, and all she did was to come in at 4 a.m. drunk. Justice?

1. Literal translation, "Time marches on, goes by Wellesley."

★ See Page 4 for Poet's Reading Notice ★

Student - Faculty Battle To Hold Fashion Honors

Fashion Notes From Way Down Under

Something new has been added to our august body, of faculty . . . robes en classe. Not to be outdone by these snazzy shrouds, the students are urged to assert their well known originality in campus clothes.

Pub-spirited student leaders have conferred with stylists from Framingham to Scollay Square and are now reluctant to offer a few suggestions.

Big news are:

Angel robes . . . pure white, with real reet rips up the sides, and discrete V necks, delicately slashed to the waistline. Ideal for protecting your dirty sweaters and droop-draped skirts from classroom grime.

Sandales de bathe . . . white



Old faculty gown, modelled by old faculty member

composition material, toeless, heel-less, soleless, with utterly futile clasps. Neat for hiking to class. Chic! Sharp! Shoddy!

Perennial Contenders for fashion honors are still with us too: Slips . . . shown the prescribed half inch below hemline.

Moccasins . . . well ripped.

Strings of pearls . . . preferably ready to break on classroom floor.

Dead Orchid Corsages . . . for Monday mourning classes.

Happy Hair . . . free from impurities of soap and water. Untouched by human hands.

Stick with these and the students are bound to triumph.



"New Faculty gown, modelled by Mrs. Kluckhen" in the Well

Free Press

This is serious, we really mean it, and we really got the letter—Pine Manor papers please copy. Applicants will please cue up outside the news office with identification handy.

Holy Cross College,
Worcester, Mass.
November 20, 1943.

Dear Miss (or Misses),

Am a Junior here at the Cross. As of July first, I am an Apprentice Seaman in the Navy, completing my pre-medical work (I hope).

While waiting for the Worcester train this evening, I saw a girl—(you have probably guessed as much). This occurred in the Back Bay Station in Boston. Arrived there with some friends at about six-thirty. We sat down opposite this young lady, quite by accident. While my friends dug deep into their newspapers, I found myself staring at this girl. Can't explain why, since I can't even recollect having stared at a girl for a full half an hour. Anyhow, it happened—whatever it was, it happened. If this every happened to any of you, you will understand. If not, I shall just have to cross my fingers.

At exactly seven four my train arrived. I thought this girl would be taking the same train and was racking my brain to think of an excuse to meet her. This wasn't quick enough, so I rallied enough courage to ask her if I could carry her bag to the train. She replied that she was sorry but she wasn't taking that train—it was the next one to Wellesley. I'll never be able to express my disappointment at this reply. Muttering something I shuffled off to the train.

There, now you have it! The problem is—can you suggest any way I could possibly meet her? She was about five feet, three or four—blond hair, blue eyes. She wore a grey suit, black Chesterfield coat, white (Angora) Sox and brown moccasins (loafers, I guess).

Would sincerely appreciate it, if you would think of some way I could meet her. Probably an ordinary gob wouldn't be very exciting after all the gold braid you have out there, but please help me. I hope the facts of the case are sufficient.

Very gratefully yours,
Bud Schwartz.

Special For This Week. A Headline On Page One

Place your bets now with bookie Bushy Layman for the big hoop race on May 1, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. For the inexperienced, we went through a lot to offer a few suggestions.

Handing over our last pair of nylons, we got the exclusive dope on the Wellesley Handicap. (Ah, the power of the press!) Our tout, locally known as Wee Wellesley Willie, Boston Blackie, or Scollay Sam, slunk off into the rhododendrons of the Libe before we could authenticate his tips. But here they are, unexpurgated. Take them, tear them up, and then follow your womanly intuition.

Best Past and General Bet Performances conditions) Kay Clancy, Springlighty sprinter from down Cape Cod way . . . 9 to 5 Anne Crolus(1). Well-uh-any-the spirit's there. . . .

!%!%* Very! Mary Vasyoulikedis (2) The Greeks have a word for it. . . . 2 drachmas to 1 denarius.

Cheila Plume..Persistent..\$287.56 to \$287.55

Commdr. Collins..Censored by Navy Publicity 0630 to Department . . . 2300

(1)—Strickly a mudder.* (2)—Good daily double with Plume.

Good luck! And remember, get to your bookie early. Bets will not be taken after the race is over.

*Trans.: better on a track which has been deluged by precipitation.

EXTRA

Exams Abandoned

Faculty Decides to Finesse
Exam Week in New Calendar

The administration has announced that all examinations scheduled for mid-years have been canceled due to unavoidable circumstances. An *Us* reported, after spending all day yesterday interviewing people in various offices, sitting waiting in offices, looking for offices and being sent from one office to another, according to the usual reporters' procedure, have finally deduced the reason for the radical move, and are ready to come forth with this great scoop of the year.

The examination questions, it was discovered, had been misplaced by an over-cautious member of the faculty who thought that she had hidden them safely somewhere near Tupolo where it was thought, no one would pay any attention to them. They were finally discovered by a weary member of Theatre Workshop in the final stages of play production, who had also been lost for several hours in a packing case locked in the Tree Day room.

The missing questions, now that the aforementioned announcement has been made, may safely be revealed.

English Literature 101. "Rewrite Ascham's *The Schoolmaster* in such a way that it can be played upon the virginal. (P. S. Have you learned your sonnet?)"

Psychology 313. "To what extent does the personality of the Little King coincide with the personality of the subject tested in the Wechlev 'Bellevue test'?"

Hygiene 120. 1 A. At what hour should one go to bed every night during exams in order to avoid sleeping through the exams? 1 B. At what hour should one go to bed every night throughout the semester in order to avoid going to sleep during an exam? 2. True or false."

English Composition 101. I. Trace the history of footnoting in Wellesley College, giving the bibliography for your study of same. II. What is a footnote for the year 1943-44? How long can this last?"

English Literature 309. "Using nature, fruit or garden salad imagery, explain what is so funny about Falstaff and is it better on the inner stage?"

Botany 101. "Pretend that you are a molecule of rye trying to get into Junior Prom."

Philosophy 107. "Expound fully the basic premise by which the tortoise of Zeno might have made his way home to lunch."

Education 206. I "For the benefit of future students, tell how many seconds it takes you to sprint from your dormitory to the quadrangle in order to make a bus reaching a given school in time for the English class beginning at 9.03. II. At what hour do you have to get up? What is the bus fare?"

Zoology 101. "Pretend that you are a Hydra. How would you distinguish another hydra from a baby piece of celery?"

Biblical History 104. "Draw a map of Palestine and locate the following:

1. The J strand.
2. An imaginary dialogue between the prophet Jeremiah (Jerry for short) and the Eloist.
3. Eleanor Roosevelt.
4. Wendell Willkie.



Navy men, leading Wellesley girls astray. (Wednesday Afternoon.)

Gray Book Revisions Fetter Students; C. G. To Shoot Offenders

Academic and Social Pro having proved themselves to be inadequate, College Government Officers have been forced to take sterner measures. They know pro isn't adequate because look what keeps happening all the time, see?

New punishments vary from amputation of the left ear to death at dawn (this is for people who go away on weekends and come back two days late unengaged. Drinking also carries the extreme penalty, on the theory that it won't do any good to send drinkers home because their parents wouldn't want *Sinners* around under foot. Especially now.

Specific changes are interesting to note; that is, changes in the technical wording of Gray book sentences, a pastime which has fascinated Senate members for years. These technical changes are small, and, for the most part, involve only a change in sentence structure, spelling or punctuation. Here are some.

On page 9 or so of the gray book, there is a statement which reads (and we translate freely, of course), Parties may be held, with the permission of the Soc. Schedule committee, in Alumnae Hall. This will be changed to read, "Hereafter there will be a ten-foot iron fence around Alumnae Hall ballroom, within which all members of the class of '44 will be expected to remain at parties."

On page 12 or so there is a statement that says that Freshmen may ride bicycles hither and yon. This has been changed to read, "In the future, no Freshman may ride her bicycle except on peril of her life. All faculty members will be equipped with a big stick for smacking Freshmen who persist in riding thusly."

On another page there is a statement which reads, "No tennis playing during chapel hours on Sunday. This will be changed to read, "All students are expected to keep off Tupelo point on Sundays during chapel hours. This applies to Navy men and wives too. It is un-Godly."

In the pointing chart, there is a statement to the effect that no student may carry more than nine points. This will be changed to read, "No student, with the exception of Lena Virginia Kickbusch will be allowed more than nine points, even for rationing. Lena may carry 17 because she does anyway and we can't control her."

Navy Morale Plops; No Sex

Mike Jiggler, who has been making a psychopathic case out of the Supply School boys, who were no shiners when they came, has announced that morale has plopped. Harem Harry, famed Supply Morale officer, echoes him, which is sort of a silly thing to do.

Anyway, it seems the trouble started because Navy men have no cars and therefore no sex life whatever on the campus. This is, as everyone knows, quite contrary to the situation when the old Harvard boys hung around, in cars, cars with big back seats. The Navy doesn't even have very big seats.

Formerly known as "youthful derelicts," the Navy men have suffered emotionally like mad. Calisthenics (which are Beebe students' favorite of all activities that wake them out of sound sleeps in the morning) really dull the boys every day. Then there are seniors' gowns and blue jeans, which just, as one ensign said, "don't encourage curves. We men like curves!" (He just doesn't know that all our laundry is classed as "flat work."—Ed.)

Maybe all this frustration was started by that damned editorial in the *News* that said the gals were to leave the Navy alone. We take it all back. We never thought that the boys would make such an infinitesimal impression. We didn't want to wreck every Wellesley girl's hope for fun. We were only trying to save your necks. (Heh, heh!)

Commander Tom Collins is really upset. He was heard screaming that "My god, there isn't even a rumor about my boys. What am I? A Navy man or a Wellesley professor?"

It's tough, ain't it?

Silhouette

Have you ever glanced at the top of Green Hall Tower on a wet, dreary day and seen a small figure, dressed in her Wellesley gym suit and '44 crew cap, dangling her legs from the top of one of those pointed Gothic things? And have you heard, at the same time, a slightly discordant version of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning"?

Well, we have. In fact, we *did*, the other day. And with our usual scientific curiosity and Smellsley *Blews* hound dog expression plus need of vital news, we climbed to the top of the tower and found there the apartment (?) of Miss Sallyanna Psychosio, Class of '44, lover of all that is beautiful and otherwise.

After investigating the apartment, whose walls are lined with pictures of Santa Claus, Hirohito, Joe Louis, Baby-Face Nelson, Joan of Arc, Father Divine, Grumman TBF *Avengers*, and others, and pawing through a collection of pressed rose-petals, broken records, diamond earrings, preserved frog legs, stained-glass windows, blood-stained knives, lace, nails, leaves, mud, chocolate layer cake and arsenic, and old human heads, we crawled to the top of the pointed Gothic thing to interview our classmate.

"My major?" she said in answer to the usual question, "I don't major. I major in everything. No, I don't go to classes. I came to college for a liberal education, and that's what I'm getting. (Ed. note: We found later that Miss Psychosio's great-great-grandfather and Mr. Filley's great-uncle-17-times-removed came over together on the Mayflower. We also discovered that Miss P. had been decapitated at the age of 3, which made no appreciable difference in her personality.) College classes are too objective and narrow. I lived in Tower Court freshman year, but it was too confining. I want to be fwee-e-e-e-e!"

Sally is noted particularly for having yelled out "absent" once when Miss Baldhairsman called the roll. It caused a near-riot.

Sallyanna's voice trebled deli-ing of *Savage Comics*.)

ciously. "I have been so busy since Freshman year. I was elected chief in charge of killing flies at breakfast then; I was set up for the next 3 years. Sophomore year, I was Chairman of washing lipstick-marks off the punch glasses at the Sophomore tea dance; junior year, I was so well known that they just automatically handed me the important job of Co-ordinator of girls, music, dates, and just everything. "Oh, my," she sighed, reminiscently.

And what about this year? we asked. "Oh, dear, you see, since I met one of the ten unmarried, under 35 years old Navy men, I have been so busy with my weekly-Wednesday afternoon coke date in the Well that I haven't had time to think of anything else."

"My career?" she said, "Well, my ambition is to write a book—*The Universe and How I Love It*. First, I have to see it all, of course, but that shouldn't take too long. I plan to make my home on the top of Pike's Peak. I figure I'll be able to see a lot from there. I may move to Jupiter later—haven't decided."



"Our Gal Sal"

Sallyanna said of marriage very emphatically—"No!" I wuv all men. I think there must be 'the' one for me, but I can't be sure of which it is till I've seen them all. Someone, maybe. Some day, maybe! Buck Rogers, maybe. Who knows? Ah, men! Ah, things! Ah, fweedommmmm! I wuv mmm!

Through considerable clever questioning, we were able to uncover the important fact that it is Sallyanna who has introduced the new style, soon to sweep the country, of putting newspaper pictures of Frankie Sinatra in the bottom of thinly-worn Prontos.

(Ed. Note: We were curtly dismissed from the interview as Sallyanna turned to her nightly reading of *Savage Comics*.)

C.A. Sets Out On Christian Mission



Poet's Reading On Page Four.

Watch For Coming News Questionnaire.

The song of the week: "Is it true what they say about Radar?"

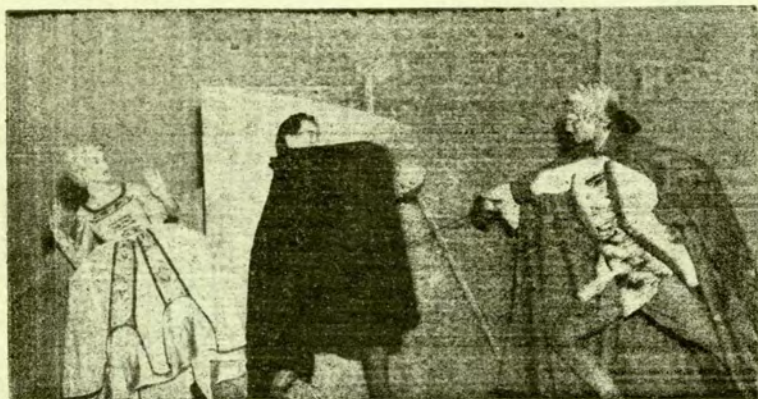
Reporters Reveal Reasons For Not Getting Engaged

At the request of college government, which is thinking of making Wellesley a school exclusively for engaged and married students, we have made a survey of reasons why not one member of the news staff has become engaged since last year. Up until last year, we were doing pretty well, but this semester things haven't been going too rightly. With the navy here, it is College Government's contentions, at least one of us ought to be able to make the grade, junior or otherwise. When questioned about this, various members of the staff gave various reasons: "There seems to be a shortage of men," said one Newsie who has spent most of the last four years in the fourth stack," except on Wednesday afternoon. Occasionally, I see one then, but only occasionally."

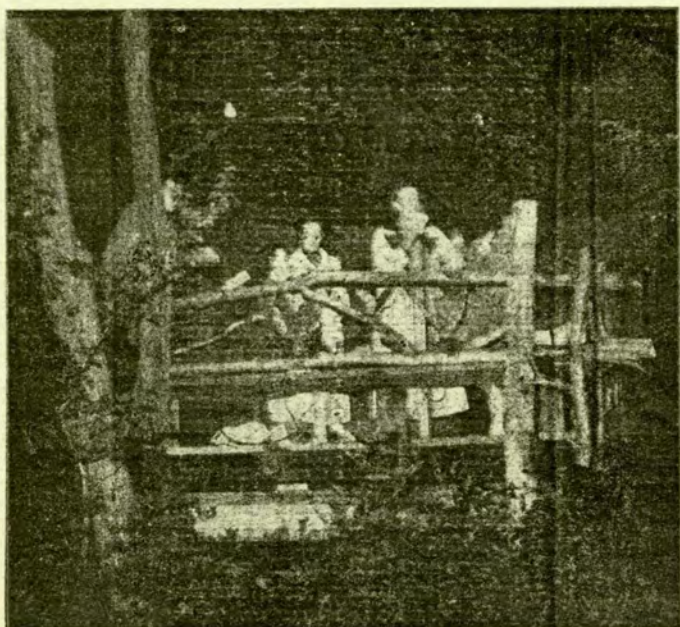
"We tried," said another, "but there are always Freshmen. If you don't get a man the first year here, it is too late. Every year there are more freshmen than ever before."

The solution to the problem, offered by another newsie, was more complex. "I think," she said, after taking a five-day weekend, a very extensive weekend, in order to study the matter most carefully, "that the trouble is we all spend a great deal of time in the news office. The office, like many things on the campus, is extremely difficult to find. Once found, it is sometimes mistaken by some people, whose names we will not mention, for the office of another publication." Then, she mused, "there is the difficulty of getting into the office. The general entrance is through the windows. This is inclined to be dangerous, and therein, I believe, lies the reason for our failure. Men don't like to enter girls' schools through the windows. It doesn't look well."

We are thinking of moving the office into Galen Stone tower which is now almost directly above it. There, we could be always on the watch. But there, of course, there arises the elevator problem. If it isn't one thing c'est la guerre.



Faculty Fights It Out



Next year's Class
Breaking C. G. Rules

Here Is The Poet's Reading.

Really?



Poet's Reading



The poet

Several weeks ago, as this sheet informed you, Miss Flueella Metaphor Babbling-Brook (call her Brook for short; we do) charming, beautiful, witty, and one of the truly great poets of all ages, was to have given the 4th Poet's Reading of the current series in the old swimming hole in the Rec. Building. Due to the fact that she was getting her second divorce from her third husband, Brook did not feel that she could make her tinkling, bell-like voice heard above the splashing in the pool and so she did not come. Now that she has married her fourth husband, who beats her only once a week instead of twice, she will grace our campus with her presence.

Universal is the only term you can apply to Brook's exquisite poetry. Her latest volume entitled the *Post-War World* includes poems in forty different languages. Its a very practical book because it explains on every page that we have got to have the brotherhood of man which some people don't seem to understand. Brook has traveled all over the place and had numerous exciting experiences. During the Russian Revolution she sat up in a tower waving the red rag of Communism and writing her collection *The Rise and Fall of the Tudors and Stuarts*. She was given a medal last year for this self-sacrificing service to the Soviet.

Although Miss Beth Mansnaring has requested that Flueella tell about "Trends in Post-War Poetry," she agrees (le Flueella) with Mr. Billy and Mrs. Steffans of the Education (We-teach-you-how-to-think) compartment that the students ought to think particularly about cultural and ethical relativism even if they don't have time to. So Brook will deliver a lecture in Marquesan poetry upon the universal elements of all cultures or "Why There is Such a Thing as Common Humanity." For those students who need more time to understand this matter because they have been influenced by Prof. Sockhohn, Brook will have individual conferences. Come one, come all.

Note: This article was supposed to have been printed on the front page two weeks ago but since the girl did not hand it to the editor and the men at press lost it, we are printing it this week. It is not the Editor's fault!

Hygiene Department Releases Posture Pictures;



ANY
BONDS
TODAY

★
No More News This Week-
Editors Studying For Exams,
Printer Out On A Spree.
★

1943's GREATEST HIT!

will not be shown at regular prices until 1945
7 DAYS beginning THURSDAY, DEC. 9

HIT OF HITS!



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starring

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Produced and
Directed by Sam Wood

Evenings at 8—\$1.10
Matinees at 2.15—75c
Sundays at 5 and 8.15
All Seats \$1.10

Community Playhouse

WELLESLEY HILLS